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**THE DRUNKARD'S
BIBLE.**

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"There is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Hownly to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave 'the Grapes' to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish"—

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Mathew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Mathew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small, low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: "Mathew, what is vampires?"

Mathew made no reply; so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Mathew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his

manage
than their

he called at last in a
"I cannot afford to give
credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers: he is an excellent workman; his wife has much to do as a clear starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here." Such was Martha's answer.

"And more!" replied Mathew—"more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings, besides what he paid for."

"He's an honorable man, Mathew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy. (He will have brandy.) They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E. something; I forget what."

Mathew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am not a pawnbroker, to lend money upon a man's ruin. I sell, to be sure, what leads to it, but that is his fault, not mine."

"You said just now it *was yours*," said his sister, sulkily.

"Is it a devil or an angel that prompts your words, Martha?" exclaimed Mathew, impatiently; then leaning his pale, thoughtful brow on his clasped hands, he added: "But, however much I sometimes try to get rid of them, it must be for my good to see facts as they are."

Martha would talk: she looked upon a last word as a victory. "He must

or not, as he
his little household com-
forts, to pay for what he has honestly
drunk; and I might as well have them
as any one else. My money paid for
them, and in the course of the evening
went into your till. It's very hard if,
with all my labor, I cant turn an honest
penny in a bargain sometimes, with-
out being chid, as if I were a baby."

"I am sorely beset," murmured Mathew, closing the book with hasty violence; "sorely beset; the gain on one side, the sin on the other; and she goads me, and puts things in the worst light: never was man so beset," he repeated helplessly; and he said truly: he was "beset"—by *infirmity of purpose*, that mean, feeble, pitiful frustrator of so many good and glorious intentions.

THE GOOD SEED.

It is at once a blessed and a wonderful thing how the little grain of "good seed" will bring up and increase—if the soil be at all productive, how it will fructify! A great stone may be placed right over it, and yet the shoot will forth—*sideways*, perhaps, after a long, noiseless struggle amid the weight of earth—a white, slender thing, like a bit of thread that falls from the clipping scissors of a little heedless maid, creeps up, twists itself around the stone, a little, pale, meek thing, *tending upwards*—becoming a delicate green in the wooing sunlight—strengthening in the morning, when birds are singing—at mid day, when man is toiling—at night, while men are sleeping, *until it pushes away the stone*, and overshadows its inauspicious birthplace with strength and beauty!

Yes! where good seed has been sown, there is always hope that, one day or other, it will, despite snares

and pitfalls, despite scorn and bitterness, despite evil report, despite temptations, despite those wearying backslidings which give the wicked and the idle scoffers for rejoicing—sooner or later it will fructify!

All homage to the good seed!—all homage to the good sower!

And who sowed the good seed in the heart of Mathew Hownley? Truly, it would be hard to tell. Perhaps some sower, intent on doing his Master's business—perhaps some hand unconscious of the wealth it dropped—perhaps a young child, brimful of love, and faith, and trust in the bright world around—perhaps some gentle woman, whose knowledge was an inspiration rather than an acquirement—perhaps a bold, true preacher of THE WORD, stripping the sinner of the robe that covered his deformity, and holding up his cherished sins as warnings to the world; perhaps it was one of Watt's hymns, learned at his nurse's knee, (for Mathew and Martha had endured the unsympathizing neglect of a motherless childhood,) a little line, never to be forgotten—a whisper, soft, low, enduring—a comfort in trouble, a stronghold in danger, a refuge from despair. Oh, what a world's wealth is there in a simple line of childhood's poetry! Martha herself often quotes the Busy Bee; but her bee had no wings; it could muck in the wax, but not fly for the honey. As to Mathew, wherever the seed had come from, there, at all events, it was, struggling but existing—biding its time to burst forth, to bud, and to blossom, and to bear fruit!

The exposure concerning the spoons and sugar-tongs made Mathew so angry, that Martha wished she had never had any thing to do with them, but instead of avoiding the fault, she simply resolved in her own mind

never again to let Mathew know any of her little transactions in the way of buying or barter, that was all!

Mathew, all that day, continued more thoughtful and silent than usual, which his sister considered a bad sign: he was reserved to his customers—nay, worse—he told a woman she should not give gin to her infant at his bar, and positively refused, the following Sunday, to open his house at all. Martha asked him if he was mad. He replied: "No;" he was "regaining his senses." Then Martha thought it best to let him alone—he had been "worse"—that is, according to her reading of the word, "worse" before—taken the "dumps" in the same way, but recovered, and gone back to his business "like a man."

Peter Croft, unable to pay up his score, managed, nevertheless, to pay for what he drank. For a whole week, Martha would not listen to his proposals for payment "in kind;" even his wife's last shawl could not tempt her, though Martha confessed it was a beauty, and what possible use could Mrs. Peter have for it now? it was so out of character with her destitution. She heard no more of it, so probably the wretched husband disposed of it elsewhere: this disappointed her. She might as well have had it; she would not be such a fool again; Mathew was so seldom in the bar that he could not know what she did! Time passed on. Martha thought she saw one or two symptoms of what she considered amendment in her brother. "Of course," she argued, 'he will come to himself in due time.'

In the twilight which followed that day, Peter Croft, pale, bent, and dirty, the drunkard's redness in his eyes, the drunkard's fever on his lips, tapped at the door of the room off the bar, which was more particularly Martha's

room—it was in fact her watch-tower—the door half glazed, and the green curtain about an inch from the middle division; over this, the sharp observant woman might see whatever occurred, and no one could go in or out without her knowledge.

She did not say “Come in” at once; she longed to know what new temptation he had brought her, for she felt assured he had neither money nor credit left.

And yet she feared—“Mathew made such a worry out of every little thing.” The next time he tapped at the window of the door, her eyes met his over the curtain, and then she said, “Come in,” in a penetrating sharp voice, which was any thing but an invitation.

“I have brought you something now, Miss Hownley, that I know you won’t refuse to *lend* me a trifle on,” said the ruined tradesman; “I am sure you won’t refuse, Miss Hownley. Bad as I want the money, I could not take it to a pawnbroker; and if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Miss Hownley; you know I can say that.”

PETER CROFT’S ENGRAVINGS.

Peter Croft laid a BIBLE on the table, and folding back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed that it was abundantly illustrated by fine engravings. Martha loved “pictures:” she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim’s Progress*, and varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundant cuttings out from illustrated newspapers, and a few colored caricatures, had covered one side of a screen which, when finished, she considered would be at once the comfort and amusement of her old age. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, looking ever

and anon towards the screen. “Very well,” she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her mind was made up what to do—“very well; what did you say you wanted for it?” He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

“Have you the heart, Miss Hownley,” he said, while fingering rather than counting the money—“have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?”

“If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price,” she answered, with a light laugh; “and it is only a DRUNKARD’S BIBLE.”

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

“Oh, very well,” she said; “take it—or leave it.”

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—“Another shilling, Miss! *it will be in the till again before morning.*”

Martha gave him the other shilling; and after he was fairly out of the room, grappled the book, commenced looking at the pictures in right earnest, and congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, amongst a miscellaneous collection of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths, “waiting to be mended.”

That night the master of “the Grapes” could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the key-holes and under the doors of those that were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlor,

took his day-book from a shelf, and placing the candle, sat down, listlessly turning over its leaves; but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Mathew saw a large family BIBLE; pushing away the day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23d chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eyes fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who has wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th of Galatians: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall NOT INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"New and Old, New and Old," murmured Mathew to himself: "I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament." He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and the fleshless bones of the drunkard and his family, the broils, the contentions, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in array before him as *social* crimes, as *social* dangers, but he did not call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruc-

tion and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely, and though he often found wisdom and consolation in a line of Watts's hymns, he rarely went to the Fountain of living waters for the strengthening and refreshing of his soul. He turned over the chapter and found on the next page a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a frequent occupation.

Proverbs the 23d chap.—"For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse—"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that awful threat!" murmured Mathew; "and have I been the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban?"

1 Samuel, the 1st chap.—"And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21—"And take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so *that day* come upon you unawares."

"Ay, *THAT DAY*," repeated the landlord; "*that day*, the day that *must* come."

Ephesians, 5th chap.—"And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs, 20th chap.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "*Woe to thee who selleth wine to thy neighbor, and minglenth strong drink to his destruction.*"

He rose from the table, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who seeth all things looked upon the earnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, his half-muttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself: "*Who* will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for sympathy?—who will tell me what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought on others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to its wickedness?" He had no friend to advise with—none who would do aught but laugh at and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was that it occurred to him, "You have an Immortal Friend; take counsel of Him—pray to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His Book your guide;" and opening the Bible, he read one other passage: "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right* for that shall bring a man to peace at the last."

PETER CROFT'S WIFE.

Pondering on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged: and therein, second on the list, he saw, in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a date to PETER CROFT!

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk-

pail he had so often lifted over the church stile—whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was *she*, then, the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, broken-spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam, from boy-hood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its beat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—this has been my doing." He might have consoled himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes," he would have drunk some where else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *drunkard's Bible*, sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear-eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestilential breath,

they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too, drunkards, or drunkards' wives, in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow-creatures; minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all arise after

steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed:

THE DUTY WELL DONE.

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street-door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a free man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven: I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers who had 'sorrow, and torment, and quarrels, and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives

to sorrow and torment, and quarrels, and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been, erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow creatures! talking of honesty when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and seethed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the street, or nerve his arm to strike the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium tremens* through the swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of woman, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache which induced

the prayerless Sunday. Away, away! would that I had the power to set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!' As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; and the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented 'the Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a freeman, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—I owed them atonement. But what did I not long do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her once cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and broken bottles, she called me, and believed me, mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had, of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she, like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find

another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and amongst many other things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with.

POOR EMMA.

I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a June day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognized her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. 'You,' she said, 'and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers?'

"I told her what I had done; that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would by every means in my power undo the evil I had done.

"Will that," she answered in low, deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and bring me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures.—Look!" she added, and her words pierced my heart—"look! had I my

young days over again, I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing wright from wrong, well educated yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and plenishing—your fine *gin palace*! your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all, all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!

"I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Hownley, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word, "*respectable*!"—that you are at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a *Bible* to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour.'

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me: every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room: I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife;

that had never died! 'And remember' she said to me, 'there are hundreds, thousands of cases as sad as his in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the 'good-fellowship' poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave: nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and the fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!'

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired; and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' she said, 'my hope for him and for myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his

grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!'

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave.

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded church-yard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was the 'Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with black, but she thinks them the freshest and the most beautiful in the world!"

(*Chamber's Journal.*)

Preach for the Sailor.

The duty of praying for the sailor is obvious, enforced by the considerations that prayer is the medium thro' which God pours down blessings on the needy;—that sometimes the sailor will not pray for himself;—and that he will soon be beyond the reach of prayer: but not so obvious the duty

of preaching in his behalf. Let me say then,

Preach for him that you may pray for him.

Eloquent pleas make earnest prayers. Never could Judah pray so fervently for his aged father as after he had made in his behalf the most eloquent appeal on record; nor Peter for his brethren till he had fully vindicated them from the charge of being full of new wine. An earnest plea in behalf of the needy and deserving is a rod run into the sky to bring the fire of divine love down. And when the soul is thus electrified, what faith and fervor in prayer follow!

2. Preach for him that you may give for him.

A preacher has a thousand hands, some of them open and free, and others close and vice-like. They should all be open to the sailor, because his services benefit others more than himself; because he is subject to more deprivations, perils and sufferings than a man of any other calling; because he cannot procure for himself on shore the protection of a home, a seat in the sanctuary, and the ministrations of the gospel; because his mission is world-wide, world-wide hearts and hands should be open to him. Now a warm sermon is to close fists what the breath of spring is to winter-frosts. First the death-grip is relaxed, then an involuntary yielding, then a liberal flow, then a gushing liberality. Old ice, however, in the deep and dark ravines does not relent beyond a few superficial tears even under a summer sun. But try the spring, summer-like sermon on anything less hard than flint-ice, and see the melting, giving effect. The preacher will find most of his thousand hands open, and his hearers resembling Him who pours his sunshine and showers on a thousand hills and vallies, on the broad plains and seas.

3. Preach for him that you may look for him: coming like Peter to Christ on the sea and welcoming him into the ship; coming home to his friends to declare what the Lord has done for his soul; coming to the sanctuary to enter publicly into covenant with God and his people; coming when possible to the meeting for

prayer to gain spiritual strength and encourage others by his presence; coming to the end of his earthly course in the triumph of a christian conqueror, and to the rest that remaineth with the "well-done" welcome of his Lord.

Preaching for the sailor may surely bring such returns. Why not look for them? Sending the sympathies, prayers and contributions of christians to sea is casting bread upon the waters; and God's promise insures its safe return.

4. Preach for him that you may praise with him.

You have heard the hearty capstan "Ho-Heave-O"; and may be, the full-souled cabin or fore-castle song at sea. You know the compass and power of a sailor's voice; full as the sea, and when attuned by grace, sweet as its gentlest murmur. None can swell the new song better than he. Indeed, if as some allege the fisherman-sailor Peter controls the keys, why should he not unlock some of its sweetest harmonies? And why should not the successful leader among the disciples be the accomplished chorister among just men made perfect? The preacher hopes to join in that song, and to be instrumental in enlarging the choir. Will he not then occasionally send one of his best sermons to sea, inviting, and persuading the sailor to come and praise with him. Praise is comely; and never more so than when the utterances of the pulpit and fore-castle are in harmonious concert.

Extracts

from the Tenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the City and Port of New York. Presented at the Annual Meeting, April 17, 1854.

The Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, in the Port of New York, in presenting its Tenth Annual Report, would first express its gratitude to Almighty God, for the unanimity of feeling and of purpose which has prevailed in all its deliberations; and for the evidences of the

Divine blessing upon the labors of the Missionaries of this Society.

Zealous, prudent and efficient, these have wrought in faith, in hope and charity, bearing the heat and burden of the day; while incidents of peculiar interest have excited them to duty.

The numerous disasters and heart-rending calamities on the sea have awakened sympathy, and aroused attention also to the temporal and spiritual condition of those for whom they labor; encouraging the hope, and prompting the prayer, that the long dark night of spiritual neglect of seamen may soon be followed by a longer and brighter day.

How many blessings have been invoked this year upon sailors! How many have resolved never to forget their deeds of heroism! May none falter in their good resolves or deeds. For if ever, now it is, that He who gave the sailor a heart which responds to every appeal of woe, is answering also by many encouragements, all proper efforts for his spiritual good.

I. The Missionary at Large has prosecuted with energy the duties assigned him. He has distributed on ships, barges, and in sailors' boarding houses, 98,681 pages of Tracts, and 102 Bibles and Prayer Books; has held 96 services, on as many different occasions, in the open air, at Coenties Slip, and service on every Friday evening, for colored seamen and others at the boarding house, 323 Pearl-street.

It is no longer deemed an experiment for him to stand by the water side, and tell passers of the Way, the Truth and the Life. The attentive listeners—many joining as devout worshippers also—who wait upon his ministrations, attest his success.

Composed as his auditories are, of different men almost on every occasion, it is not possible for human ken to measure the amount of good seed which may thus be sown.

In this view he has much to encourage him; yet his heart would be more cheered, and his hands strengthened, in a work which deals constantly with recklessness and indifference to holy things, if there and elsewhere, at times, in presence of the mocker and the gainsayer, he could meet with

more hearts beating in sympathy with his, willing to bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

The members appointed to aid him in his public services have discharged their duty faithfully. Notwithstanding, the question is propounded, with great respect to all the members of the Society, as well as to others interested in the success of Missions to Seamen—might not a much greater amount of good be accomplished, if greater interest shall by all be taken in the peculiar work assigned the Missionary at Large?

II. The Senior Missionary of the Society has maintained uninterruptedly throughout the year, the full services of the Chapel of our Saviour on the East River. He has baptized 106 persons, 6 of whom were adults; presented 9 for confirmation; received 16 to the Holy Communion; attended 17 funerals, and solemnized 21 marriages.

He expresses gratitude to God for continual blessings on his labors in the field assigned him. Many incidents of touching interest have occurred, to strengthen and encourage him. Besides his public ministrations, he has placed in the hands of seamen at the Chapel, on the eve of departure from this port, during the past year, upwards of 1,700 bound volumes, over 100 Bibles, 150 Prayer Books, and as many as 27,000 pages of tracts, and 37,000 bound volumes of religious instruction since his Mission was there established. "These," he reports "have been received with thankfulness and read in not a few instances with profit. These have been preaching the Gospel to their hearts when on the deep, far beyond the reach of his voice; and in some instances will continue to do so, when it shall be hushed in death."

Among other incidents of interest, he states his gratification, in which the Board would share, "at seeing as worshippers at the Chapel during the past year, more than 200 colored seamen from the West India Islands; who, by their devout deportment, avidity for religious books, and apparent intelligence, excited the deepest sympathy in their favor.

III. The Missionary in charge of

the Chapel of the Holy Comforter, on the Noma River, acknowledges also his undiminished gratitude for many tokens of the Master's blessing, on this, the most successful and encouraging of his years of labor in this field.

A Sunday School is taught by himself, aided by three Teachers. Two services on each Sunday throughout the year, with three services on each Lord's Day from October to Epiphany. The same, with also a service on Wednesday evenings during Lent, and morning and evening during Passion week. A service also and a lecture, at the Mariner's Home, No. 167 Greenwich Street, one evening in each week throughout the year, except in August.

"He has baptized 29; presented 17 for confirmation; added 15 new communicants; officiated at 10 funerals, and at 19 marriages, and distributed 395 Bibles, 364 Prayer Books, 300 bound volumes, and 40,000 pages of tracts."

The benefits resulting to seamen from the Mariner's Home in Greenwich Street, under his spiritual supervision, which is supported by the benevolence of a few members of the Board, are still apparent, presenting additional proofs of its usefulness, as well as unanswerable arguments for the establishment of others.

During the year 759 seamen have boarded there:

18 have been brought from station-houses: taken there in distress or difficulty;

15 reformed from drunkenness;

64 sick and distressed taken care of; and

16 have given evidence of interest in religion.

And the sum of \$9,686 43 has been deposited to their credit in Bank, or sent to families and relations of seamen.

Attention is particularly called to this interesting feature in the management of this comparatively limited Home for Seamen.

During the four years it has been in operation, 2,243 seamen have boarded there.

No report was made of the sums

deposited and sent to families, &c., during the first year.

In the 2d year, however, \$1,165 25 are reported. In the 3d year \$7,589 79 and in this, the 4th year, \$9,685 43; making a total of \$18,440 47 in three years thus saved or forwarded.

The moral good resulting cannot be told.

But the numerous letters received from sailors who have boarded there; from their wives and children in various ports of our own and foreign lands; from aged parents and widowed mothers, heaping blessings on the indefatigable keeper of the Institution itself, and offering thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father that their husbands and children found in New York such a Mariner's Home, under such care and keeping; are the best evidences of its usefulness, as they are gratifying rewards to those intrusted with its management.

At this Home also, the Missionary first made the acquaintance of the pious mariner, whose interesting case, in devoting himself to Missions among seamen, has already been presented. The favorable reports of his progress in preparing for the ministry give encouragement of his future usefulness, when he shall be duly appointed to this important work.

The sum of \$6,976 10 has been received into the Treasury during the year.

Of which \$114 00 are with satisfaction acknowledged from our interesting "Auxiliary," yearly becoming more efficient, "The Young Men's Society for Seamen."

The sum total is \$1,122 63 more than the amount received last year.

It has enabled the Board to meet the present indebtedness of the Society.

With gratification the Board makes mention of the following liberal bequests, viz:—

By the late Capt. Sam'l M. Thompson, of an interest in his estate, estimated at about \$5,000, of which \$2,400 has already been received; and by the late John Noble, Esq., of \$2,000 which will be paid into your treasury in the course of a few weeks.

The Board acknowledges with

thankfulness the generous supply of Bibles, Prayer Books, and other religious books and tracts gratuitously furnished our Missionaries for distribution by New York Bible and Prayer Book Society; Protestant Episcopal Tract Society; Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society; Protestant Episcopal Society for Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge; American Bible Society; the New York Bible Society, American Tract Society; and by the Rector and members of the St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square.

By the liberality of the last-named, the Missionary on the East River reports, that he has been enabled to print, for gratuitous distribution, two editions, amounting to 10,000 copies, of a work peculiarly interesting and acceptable to sailors, the life of the Rev. Jno. Newton.

This Missionary also acknowledges his obligations to the generous individuals who aided him in printing 1000 copies of the Pilgrim's Progress, expressly for gratuitous distribution among sailors.

During the past year, the Board being more and more impressed with the importance of establishing a HOME FOR SEAMEN, under the auspices of this Society, has taken incipient steps toward the accomplishment of this desirable object.

Application has been made and granted by the Legislature to amend the Act of Incorporation of this Society, so as to enable it to purchase and hold Real Estate, whereon to erect and maintain a Home for Seamen.

A Committee also has been appointed to select a suitable site for this purpose.

And your Board comes now to report this interesting fact, and to say, with an unanimity and emphasis which, it is hoped, will be shared in by every member of the Society, that by your cordial, prompt and generous co-operation, aided by liberal and benevolent hearts, which, in this city and throughout the land, beat kindly and warmly toward the common sailor, another home shall soon be opened to him in this port.

NOTE. Among the many noble acts of self-sacrifice and heroism we record two, in enforcement of our appeal in behalf of *Homes* for seamen.

One of the boats belonging to the ship *Three Bells*, which rescued many of the passengers and crew of the *San Francisco*, was commanded by a coxswain, who had sailed eight years with Capt. Creighton, and who, during many hours, never left his post, or spared his strength, until the work of rescue was accomplished.

Shortly after, he reported himself to the Captain for relief, stating the nature of his sickness.

When, alarmed at the aggravated symptoms of his case, the Captain expostulated that he had not earlier reported his condition in order to have been recalled from the boat, he replied, "Sir, you know I could not be spared from, nor would I leave that boat, as long as any were in danger. When I saw, too, that many of them were helpless, sick women and children, I thought of my own wife and children—and forgot myself. *It was only duty, sir, to risk the sickness, if I COULD RESCUE ANY.*"

The other instance of heroism is the following: The British brig *Venilla*, Capt. DeEntrement, left *St. Eustatia*, West Indies, on 30th Oct. last, for *Clare*, N. S. Soon after sailing, the officers and crew, seven in number, were taken down with fever, except a young seaman named *Hilarion Theriau*. Finding that upon him alone rested the responsibility of managing the vessel, and of providing for the safety of the lives and property thus unexpectedly thrown upon his charge, he put the brig under a reef topsail only, to be prepared for severe weather.

When eight days out, the captain died; five days after, the first officer breathed his last. *Theriau* alone, for *forty days* steered the vessel, hove her to, to cook, to attend the sick, to bury the dead, and to take a few hours' rest in the day-time; and did his best to work the vessel home, although unacquainted with navigation. He had the satisfaction to deliver her to the owners in *Clare*, with the proceeds of the outward cargo, in American gold.

The rest of the crew, four in number, reached home alive but very much debilitated. Theriau is a mere skeleton, from over-exertion, anxiety, and want of sleep. The proceeds of the cargo were insured in Boston, and it is believed some suitable acknowledgment will be made of the young man's faithfulness, energy and perseverance. (From Boston Advertiser, quoted in March number of Sailors' Mag., p. 205.)

May this noble boy find, in every port where he may roam, some of the comforts of the happy home which cheered him in his fitful dreams, and encouraged him when waking, during that long and trying voyage.

A few scenes in the life of a Bible Agent.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Let this vain world delude no more."

I have just read a notice of the death of a faithful minister of Christ. He died in Mobile—was among those fallen victims to the yellow fever. I knew him well. He was for several years a Bible Agent in Arkansas. He was a noble looking young man, with a finely cultivated understanding, and a devoted heart. He might have won distinction at the bar: he might have engaged successfully in any of the secular avocations of life; but he chose to take a few Bibles, and to spend weary days and sleepless nights, while traveling through dreary morasses and uncultivated wilds. For this labor of love, he was poorly paid; he went poorly clothed, and sometimes, I fear, poorly fed. And yet he was among the happiest men I ever knew. I doubt not but that *now* he is among the *richest* men the universe of God contains, for his is the bliss of Heaven. I have thought that a few incidents in his life might not be uninteresting to the Christian public. In these incidents, we find the secret of his unvarying cheerfulness—he *bore about with him the consciousness of doing good*. I shall narrate these, as I heard them from his lips.

"I was traveling," said he, "in a remote, destitute part of the State; I had a few Bibles in a box under the

seat of my buggy, and when I could find a house, I stopped to inquire, whether the family was supplied with a Bible, and if I found them without, I furnished them with one. Sometimes I gave my books away; sometimes I sold them for a trifle. Whenever I could find a school house, or any suitable place, I stopped and preached to the people. I often—very often, found places where no Bible was to be found—where God's name was never spoken, save in curses and blasphemy. One day I came in sight of a log cabin. There were quite a number of horses tied before the door, and I surmised that something unusual was going on in the house. There might be a funeral—a meeting or a wedding. If there is mourning here, I thought, *this* is the place for the minister of God;—if there is a wedding, he may be admitted, although he is without the "wedding garment." I tied my horse to the rude fence, in front of the house, and jumped over the rails, for no gate had ever been deemed necessary by the inhabitants. I went in, and found an old man stretched upon a rude bed. He was apparently dying. His wife was weeping, and the neighbors were trying to console her. They all started and stared however, when they saw an entire stranger entering the house. I apologized for any intrusion by telling them that I was a minister of God—that I had seen their horses at the door, and had concluded that some unusual event was transpiring within, and that my services might be acceptable. They received me kindly, and placed a chair for me by the dying man. I felt his pulse: it was very feeble. I inquired how long he had been ill, if there was a physician in attendance, and then I called for a Bible, saying that I would read and pray with the expiring man. Quick glances passed from one to another, but no Bible was brought. At last I said, 'my good woman, I asked for a Bible: can I have one?'

"There is not one in the house," said the old lady, 'we have never had one.'

"You have been married how many years?" I asked.

"A great many," she replied.

"And have brought up a family of children I presume."

"A very large family," she answered.

"A *very large family*, and no Bible had ever been seen in that house. Those children had grown up, and gone out into the world without ever having *seen* a Bible. Oh! what heathenism was here in our beloved Alabama!

"I went out to my buggy, and got a Bible. I read and prayed, and then I gave the book to the old woman, and said, 'you must read in this book—read to your husband, as long as he lives, and read for yourself!' I left them all, with many words of exhortation, and went on my way.

"A few months afterwards, my mission led me *again* by the humble log cabin. The door was now shut—no sign of life was about the premises. 'Ah,' thought I, 'the old man is dead, and the old lady has left the place, but I will knock at the door, and see if the spot is really without an inhabitant.' An old woman came at my summons—it was the same to whom I had given the Bible, and in her hand was the sacred volume. She had been reading it, by the dim light, that stole in between the logs of her cabin. "How are you, madam?" I said, 'I am the man that gave you the Bible.' The old lady took my hand, and tears stole down her withered cheeks.

"I am glad to see you," she said, 'for this Bible was instrumental in the salvation of my husband, and it is now my only comfort in life. I read it constantly. My husband did not die for several weeks after you were here. I read to him out of this book, and his death was at last a glorious one. Here was light truly in the cabin. *To those who had sat in the region and shadow of death light had sprung up.* I read and prayed with this new-born saint, and for aught I know, she may now be singing among the redeemed.

"Again. I was stopping for a few days in an out-of-the-way place, going from house to house on foot, with my Bibles, when one morning, a little tangled-headed, bare-footed girl, came crying, to my room.

"What is the matter, little girl?"

I asked. 'What do you want with me, and why are you crying?'

"Are you the man that gives away Bibles?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, 'I am the man.'

"Well," said she, 'you didn't come to *our* house, and so *we* haven't got any Bible. Our house is way down on the creek, and you didn't find it. Please sir, do give me the Bible?'

"I went," said this good agent, 'and got one for her, and a happier child I never saw. She thought herself rich, and went dancing and skipping away.'

Many similar tales, I heard from the lips of this good man, and had all the incidents that ever occurred to him in his travels been written down, I doubt not, but that they would have filled a volume. But he never made, to my knowledge, any written record of his labors, and the memory of them will soon be lost from earth. But there "is a record on high," and he has gone to meet it. He laid his harness off,

"Like him who putteth off
His outer garment, at the noontide hour,
To take a quiet sleep."

Do you think that he regrets now, having passed by the gifts and emoluments of this world, to become an humble Bible Agent? Oh no! I have thought since reading of his death, that perhaps even that tangled-headed, bare-footed, little bible beggar, may ere this have been changed into a glorious Angel of light, through the agency of the Blessed book that he gave her, and was perchance, *the first to meet him* when he touched the shores of the eternal world. Perhaps she said, "Sir, behold in me the little destitute child, to whom in yonder world, you gave the bread of life! I became a Christian, and when I exchanged mortality for immortality, I left behind the rags, in which you saw me clothed, and put on shining garments in my Father's house on high. Now, I have met you, to conduct you to the Throne."

What joy, what ecstasy, under such circumstances, must have pervaded his soul! Oh no! he does not *now* regret having been an humble BIBLE AGENT, I am sure.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

PHILOMATH GEORGIA.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

South Pacific, Lat. 17°, June 5, 1854.
On board U. S. Ship-of-War
'Saratoga.'

Rev. J. Spaulding.

Dear Brother:

The Latitude of my letter may require a word of explanation. For several months past my health has been affected by what I supposed was a bronchitis affection, accompanied with occasional cough, and a wheezing or difficulty in breathing. About the first of May several of the physicians of Honolulu gave it as their opinion, on careful examination, that one of my lungs was affected, and that I ought to give up preaching, and that there was not very much reason to hope that I should ever be able to return to it as a permanent employment. They advised a sea voyage, provided it would not take me out of mild latitudes. About that time the U. S. Ship-of-War Saratoga came into Honolulu, homeward bound via Tahiti. By the kindness of the Commanding Officer, Capt. Walker, I was permitted to take passage in her, as far as Tahiti. We sailed from Honolulu the 18th of May. This, the 5th of June, is our 18th day out. We are now a little to the leeward of our Port at Tahiti, and have a fair prospect of running in during the day. So much by way of explanation. As you can readily imagine, it was no common trial for me to be so suddenly separated from my Church and Congregation, and to feel that my preaching days may be ended. There was much in the character of my people to attach me to them. The

Church was in its infancy, and the trials incident to the gathering of a new church had been mutually shared by the Pastor, and the People. The church was an intelligent one. Many of its members were young people, and not a few of them had been hopefully converted, since I came among them. The strong and tender feelings, which the minister of Christ cherishes, towards those who are brought into the fold through his instrumentality, can only be understood by those who have experienced it. The blessedness of this privilege seems to me, at this hour, to more than compensate for all my toil and anxiety, and I may add, for all my recent disappointments. But last, though not least, among the reasons for my strong attachments to this people. They were ardently attached to their Pastor. They showed this attachment by a liberal provision for my temporal wants,—by a sympathizing interest in all my plans,—and by a praiseworthy regard to my public and private ministrations. It was with no common feelings of regret that I asked my dismissal from such a people. May God in his mercy choose for them a man who shall be more faithful to his solemn trust than I have been, and may he be more successful in the great work of winning souls to Christ. This sudden failure of my health has completely upset all my plans, public and private. I am now a wanderer upon the deep in search of health, not knowing whither I shall go, or when I shall return to my dear family. Yet I re-

joice to feel that God never makes a mistake. His plans in reference to His children, are the result of infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom. What more can we ask? It is sometimes hard to lie passive in the hands of God, but it is a delightful position when we get *down* to it. 'Tis also a very safe place, where the allurements of sin, and the devices of Satan pass harmlessly over our heads. I feel that it is good to be disappointed. It brings us to our *bearings*, and tends to point us more directly for the port of Heaven. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And yet how unwilling are we to receive this evidence of our adoption.

I have not been able to devote so much time for the spiritual good of the crew of the *Saratoga*, as I would like to have done in a more favorable state of health. On our first Sabbath out Capt. Walker invited me to have services, if I felt able. Of course I was obliged to decline his courteous offer. Last Sabbath, being the last one I expected to be on the ship, I preached. Nearly all the officers and crew were present. It was a beautiful day, with a gentle breeze,—just enough to keep the ship steady. To me it was a precious privilege to speak once in the name of my Master, to those whom I shall hardly meet again on earth. May the Lord add his blessing to my unworthy efforts. I found by private conversation with some of the men, several who might be considered in a serious frame of mind. Some who had once considered themselves on the Lord's side, but were now far away on the mountains of Sin. One of this class told me his parents lived in England, were pious, that he united with the Church when he was 16 years old. He left home; went to the States. In New York shipped to go in a whale-ship. After he had shipped, began a course of dissipation. He told me the *street* and the *house* in New York city, where with some of his shipmates he took his first glass. That street or that *house* is doubtless numbered in Heaven, and that record will declare its occupant and his soul, *destroying*

business in the day when "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing." I know of no class of persons who have such good reasons to dread the retributions of Eternity, as the rum-seller.

I fell in with another young man, who seems to have entered in earnest upon a religious life, about one year since, while the *Saratoga* was on the coast of China. He appears well as a Christian. No subject of conversation seems so acceptable to him as to talk about the things of the Kingdom. He obtained some religious books, adapted to his case, while in Honolulu, from Brother Damon. Here I may remark in passing, that the men of the *Saratoga* were generously supplied with reading matter by Mr. Damon, and they seem to read the papers, tracts and little books with much interest, especially on the Sabbath. If there is no higher motive, a desire to pass away an unoccupied hour will often induce a sailor to read whatever comes within his reach. Hence the desirableness that they should be furnished with a good supply of such reading matter as will tend to enlarge the mind and improve the heart. This hoping and hopeful sailor mentioned above, assured me that he met with many rebuffs from his thoughtless shipmates. They would often laugh at him, because, before getting into his hammock at night, he would kneel down on the berth deck and offer up his prayers to God, in secret devotions. He said at first he thought he would cease to kneel and pray, but he had come to the conclusion that it was for his life, and he could not give it up. That if he was ashamed of Christ, he must expect that Christ would be ashamed of him. I could but think how often we who live on land, allow a much smaller obstacle to keep us from the closet. It is a very common saying among seamen,—I have heard it several times on this ship—"Religion is a good thing, but it is no place on ship-board, especially on board a man-of-war, to begin." This one case that I have mentioned, shows beyond contradiction and beyond excuse, that a sinner may repent of sin, and find Jesus

precious to his soul, though all around him are careless and indifferent, on board a man-of-war. "An humble and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

It seems strange that the 'Grog-Ration system' is still retained in our Navy. I have never yet found an officer or a common sailor in the Navy, who considered that daily grog was necessary. Many of those who drink it freely admit that it does them no good, but they say it is a part of their regular rations, provided by the Government. The others drink it, and they don't want to be different from the rest. Any one who knows how strong this feeling is on board a man-of-war, of not wishing to be different from the rest, can see at a glance, how great a stumbling-block, this daily serving of grog, throws in the way of that sailor who would reform, or the reformed man, who dreads the pit from which he has been taken. On the part of the Officers it is often said that intemperance in Ports is the chief source of difficulty, and cause of punishment of the men at sea. The step is so natural between daily tipping at sea, and intemperance in port, that it is a little surprising that Naval Officers as a class, for their own comfort, do not throw their influence in favor of abolishing at once and forever, the 'Grog-ration' from the Navy. I fondly hope the day is not far distant when this tempter shall cease to rear his head, under the sanction of the law, morning and evening, upon the decks of our men-of-war.

Dear Brother, I have written you a much longer letter than was anticipated at first. I hope you will pray for me and my family, that we may be profited by all the ways in which God is passing before us. Could you find time to write a few lines to my dear wife, it will be most acceptable. We have never ceased to feel a strong attachment to you and a deep interest in the cause of seamen, since we felt that duty called us to leave the service of your Society. I am reminded also of your *loss* and your *gain* since we last met. Please present my best regards to Mrs. Spaulding, and believe

me as ever, your Brother in Christ,
T. E. TAYLOR.

Rev. J. Spaulding.

Papieta Bay, Island of Tahiti,

June 8th, 1854.

We arrived here last Monday. 18 days from Honolulu. My health is improving, I trust. This is a beautiful island. "Only man is vile." The French have had possession here for 10 years, without much benefit to the natives, as it would seem.

Your's as ever,
T. E. T.

A Man Saved and Lost.

It was blowing a heavy gale of wind, with a tremendous sea running, such a sea as one rarely meets with any where but off the Cape; when, just at night-fall, as we were taking another reef in the topsails, a fine young seaman, a mizen topman, James Miles by name, fell from the mizen-topsail yard, and away he went overboard. In his descent he came across the chain-span of the weather quarter davits, with such force that actually broke it. I could scarcely have supposed that he would have escaped being killed in his fall, but as she flew away from him, he was seen rising on the crest of a foaming wave, apparently unhurt. The life-buoy was let go as soon as possible, but by that time the ship had already got a considerable distance from him, and should he be able to reach it, even then I felt that the prospect of saving him was small indeed, as I had no hope, should we find him, of being able to pick him out of that troubled sea; and I could scarcely expect that even a boat could swim to go to his rescue, should I determine to lower one. I was very doubtful as to what was my duty. I might, by allowing a boat to be lowered, sacrifice the lives of the officer and crew, who would, I was very certain, at all events, volunteer to man her. It was a moment of intense anxiety. I instantly, however, wore the ship round, and while we stood towards the spot, as far as we could guess, where the man had fallen, the thoughts I have mentioned passed through my mind. The

sad loss of the gallant Lieut. Gore and a whole boat's crew, a short time before, about the same locality, was present to my thoughts. To add to the chances of our not finding the man, it was now growing rapidly dusk. As we reached the spot, every eye on board was straining through the gloom to discern the object of our search, but neither Miles nor the life-buoy was to be seen. Still, I could not bring myself to leave him to one of the most dreadful of fates. He was a good swimmer, and those who knew him best asserted that he would swim to the last. For my part, I almost hoped the fellow had been stunned, and would thus have sunk at once, and saved the agony of despair he must be feeling were he still alive. Of one thing I felt sure, from the course we had steered, that we were close to the spot where he had fallen. Anxiously we waited—minute after minute passed by—still no sound was heard; not a speck could be seen to indicate his position. At last half an hour had passed by. The strongest man alive could not support himself in such a sea as this for so long, I feared. Miles must long before this have sunk, unless he could have got hold of the life-buoy, and of that I had no hope. I looked at my watch by the light of the binnacle lamp. "It is hopeless," I thought, "we must give the poor fellow up." When I had come to this melancholy resolve, I issued orders for wearing ship, in somewhat a louder voice than usual, as under the circumstances was natural, to stifle my own feelings. Just then I thought I heard a human voice borne down along the gale—I listened; it was, I feared but the effects of imagination, yet I waited a moment; again the voice struck my ear, and this time several of the ship's company heard it. "There he is, sir! There he is, away to the windward," exclaimed several voices; and then in return they uttered a loud, hearty cheer, to keep up the spirits of the poor fellow. Now came the most trying moment; I must decide whether I would allow a boat to be lowered. "If I refuse," I felt, "my crew will say I am careless of their lives. It is not their nature to

calculate the risk they themselves must run." At once, Mr. Christopher, one of my lieutenants, nobly volunteered to make the attempt, and numbers of the crew came forward anxious to accompany him. At last, anxiety to save a drowning man prevailed over prudence, and I sanctioned the attempt. The boat, with Mr. Christopher and a picked crew, was lowered, not without great difficulty, and sad to say, with the loss of one of the brave fellows. He was the bow man, and as he stood up with his boat hook in his hand to shove off, the boat gave a terrific pitch and sent him over the bow. He must have struck his head against the side of the ship, for he went down instantly, and was no more seen. Thus, in the endeavor to save the life of one man another was already sent to his long account. With sad forebodings for the rest of the gallant fellows, I saw the boat leave the ship's side. Away she pulled into the darkness, where she was no longer visible, and a heavy pull I knew she must have of it in that terrible sea, even if she escape destruction. It was one of the most trying times of my life. We waited in anxious suspense for the return of the boat, the minutes, seeming like hours, passed slowly by, and she did not appear. I began at length to dread that my fears would be realized and that we should not again see her, when, after half an hour had elapsed after she had left the ship's side on the passage of mercy, a cheer from her gallant crew announced her approach, with the success of their bold enterprise.

Lieut. Christopher very properly received the honorary silver medal of the Humane Society for his gallant conduct.

A Man Overboard.

SAILORS are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse: if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacri-

fices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur.

I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the *Endymion*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the fore-castle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their station, missed one of the foretop men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hiding himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. 'Halloo!' I said, 'who are you? What are you doing there, you skulker; why are you not at your station?'

'I am not skulking,' said the poor fellow the furrows in whose bronzed, and weather beaten cheek were running down with tears. The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his birth for the rest of the day—'Never mind, sir, never mind,' said the kind hearted seaman, 'it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty.' So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mastering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

In the same ship and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing along side in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys were floundering about in the sails, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skillful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not

gone much further than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man; and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above the water, so down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well varnished canvass hat drawn so over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. 'At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sunk so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old birth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself.

At the top of the ladder he was

stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gangway hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labor of undressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gun-room steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff nor-wester." The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgement of the attention, and instinctively touched his hat when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life." (*W. Pilot.*)

A Yankee Stratagem.

The 'General Monk,' about the beginning of the year 1782, was a terror to all merchant vessels which navigated the Delaware Bay. Having a regular commission, she was justified in making captures, and played havoc with the commerce of the bay and river. The vessel carried eighteen nine pounders, and was manned by one hundred and fifty men. The news of her continued captures was anything but pleasing to the Philadelphians, and much conversation took place upon the subject among the citizens.

At a casual meeting of merchants and others, at Crawford & Donaldson's Insurance Office, in Market street, (insurance companies were not common then,) the conversation turned upon the damage which this vessel was committing with entire impunity. It was thought proper to do something to remove the pest, and the gentlemen present agreed to raise a loan for the purpose of fitting out a vessel to attack the Englishman. The Bank of North America loaned the money on the responsibility of the subscribers, and with it the 'Hyder Ali' was pur-

chased of John W. Stanley, and placed in command of Commodore Barney. A commission as a 'letter of marque' was procured, and the crew was composed of volunteers. The vessel was fitted out with four nine pounders and twelve sixes. The crew numbered one hundred and twenty, mostly landsmen. There was consequently a great inferiority on the part of the American vessel in point of metal and men. Nevertheless, Barney sailed in a week, having disguised his vessel as a merchantman. He commanded the crew, that when he should order them to board, they should not board but fire; and when he directed them to fire, they should board. They soon espied the 'General Monk,' which proved to be not so fast a sailer as the 'Hyder Ali.' Barney therefore, hung over a drag anchor to impede his way, and deceived by the slowness, and expecting an easy prey, the English vessel ranged up to them. When they got near enough to the American, Barney cried out to his men—

'Prepare to board!'

The Englishman interpreting his command literally, lined the sides of his vessel to resist the boarding. The Americans took their stations at the guns. Once there, Barney cried out, 'Board.'

Instantaneously a flash broke out from the broadside of the Hyder Ali, and the iron missives produced a terrible effect upon the thick ranks which lined the decks of the opposing vessel. The captain of the Monk ordered his men to fire, but it was too late. One hundred men had been stricken down, killed and wounded, by the first broadside; among the latter were the English captain and many officers. The fire was but feebly returned, and Barney ordering his men to fire, they boarded the vessel, and took possession without a blow. They brought their prize up to Philadelphia, and great were the rejoicings thereat. Barney's loss was but four killed and fifteen wounded.

—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

In China, if a young man is not married by the time he is twenty, he is drummed out of town. No place for old bachelors among the fumtums.

Gahin Bay's Larker.

Robbing the Raven's Nest.

"There was no getting up to it from below; the precipice, more inaccessible for about a hundred feet from its base than a castle wall, overhung the shore; but it seemed not impracticable from above; and, coming gradually down upon it, availing myself, as I crept along, of every little protuberance and hollow, I at length stood within six or eight feet of the young birds. From that point, however, a smooth shelf, without projection or cavity, descended at an angle of about forty, to the nest, and terminated abruptly, without ledge or margin, in the overhanging precipice. Have I not, I asked, crept along a roof of even a steeper slope than that of the shelf? Why not, in like manner, creep along it to the nest, where there is firm footing? I had actually stretched out my naked foot to take the first step, when I observed, as the sun suddenly broke out from behind a cloud, that the light glistened on the smooth surface. It was encrusted over by a thin layer of chlorite, slippery as the mixture of soap and grease that the shipcarpenter spreads over his slips on the morning of a launch. I at once saw there was an element of danger in the way on which I had at first failed to calculate; and so, relinquishing the attempt as hopeless, I returned by the path I had come, and thought no more of robbing the raven's nest. It was, however, again attempted this season, but with tragic result, by a young lad from Sutherland named Mackay, who had previously approved skill as a cragsman in his native

county, and several times secured the reward given by an Agricultural Society for the destruction of young birds of prey. As the incident was related to me, he had approached the nest by the path which I had selected: he had paused where I had paused, and even for a longer time; and then, venturing forward, he no sooner committed himself to the treacherous chlorite, than, losing footing as if on a steep sheet of ice, he shot right over the precipice. Falling sheer for the first fifty feet or so without touching the rock, he was then turned full round by a protuberance against which he had glanced, and descending for the lower half of the way head foremost and dashing with tremendous force among the smooth sea-stones below, his brains were scattered over an area of from ten to twelve square yards in extent.

His only companion, an ignorant Irish lad, had to gather up the fragments of his head in a napkin."

NOTE—

Hugh Miller's experience in robbing the raven's nest may be of value to the Sailor: for it shows,

1. *That the greatest danger is sometimes concealed under the most specious garb.*

The rock appears strong; the foot hold sure, but it is glazed with the deceitful chlorite. How often has it tripped the Sailor! They called you generous, high-minded, noble, brave; they guaranteed you success in reaching the nest. It could not be that so fine a fellow would fail, but the next moment like poor Mackay you found yourself on a declivity of ice. You

ought to have remembered that the smoothest seas sometimes hide the most dangerous rocks.

2. *That none but a fool will peril his neck for nothing.*

When the object is worthy of the effort, such as the safety of the ship, and all on board, then the rush into danger is *heroism*; the deliberate conflict with the chances of life *moral courage*; but when the object to be gained is a worthless raven's nest the wise will relinquish the robbery for a foothold of safety.

3. *That providential interpositions should be gratefully acknowledged.*

That sudden gleam of sunshine was a voice—a hand from Heaven to hold Hugh Miller back. So he regarded and acknowledged it in all his after life. How many similar interpositions are experienced by the sailor, calling for his gratitude and his song!

"In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my heart most dear
Because conferred by Thee."

What a Boy can do.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, a little fellow fell in with an old salt, who was shivering with three sheets in the wind.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed the tar—and the little chap hauled up alongside. "Where away may be the Seamen's Mansion?"

The lad preferred to show him, and they held along together—the sailor steering very wildly—sometimes hard up as though he had struck a heavy sea, and then yawing off to the right or left, as the case might be.

"I am not exactly water-logged," said he, "but have too much of a deck load on—and top-hamper is rather heavy for my ballast; eh! a little to much of the critter aboard—hick! you understand. Shun the rum, the *blue ruin*, my little man, as you'd avoid old Timbertoes. Shiver my topsails! but it has been the ruin of me. Here have I got a wife and little ones, one a youngster about the same tonnage as yourself, in Boston, and some property besides, but Satan

has placed a barrier between us, in the shape of a can of grog—Shun the critter, my lad, as you'd shun a pestilence."

The lad promised to bear in mind his advice, and then asked him why he did not sign the temperance pledge.

"Where may that temperance pledge be found?" he inquired.

His young comrade informed him that there would be a temperance meeting at the Exchange that evening, and offered to go with him if he would sign the pledge.

"What! a child urging me to sign the pledge. I'll go. Come in here, my little one, (by this time they had arrived opposite the Seamen's Mansion,) and take some supper with me; as soon as we have got the ballast in, we'll haul up for this same temperance meeting. Stave in my bulwarks if we don't."

The little fellow stuck to him, and as soon as supper was over, went with him to the temperance meeting, where the old salt signed the pledge. As he did so, he remarked that whenever he was tempted to drink, he would think of that little boy's care for his welfare.

We doubt not that warm-hearted old tar will keep the pledge, so long as his timbers hold together. The next day he went to sea—not forgetting to call upon his juvenile friend before his departure, and assured him that he should seek his wife and family on his return. So much for the influence of a child.

Sailor Boys in Demand.

A Good Example.

The new clipper ship *Swallow*, which sailed from New York on Saturday for London, took out eight boys from the country as apprentices. Their berths are separated from the present evil influences of the fore-castle, and they are to receive instruction in navigation. The owners of that ship, Messrs. Dugan and Leland, are doing their part to remedy the existing scarcity of seamen, and their good example should be generally followed.

New York, October, 1854.

Aspinwall Chaplaincy.

August 31st, 1854.

At your suggestion I now send you a few extracts from my notes, regarding my labors in this mission. A residence of more than three months has enabled me to take a survey of the ground, and be better prepared for future labors. The seamen who have visited this port during my residence here, are not generally as moral in their deportment, as are usually found among American sailors. But they have always treated me with respect, whenever I have had intercourse with them. They are generally glad to obtain such books and tracts as I have to offer them. I have found among them a disposition to take the Sacred Scriptures in preference to other books; while quite the reverse of this was true where I have labored with seamen in other places. And as I have not found this preference for the word of God so general among professors of religion as it should be, I know not how to account for it among a class of seamen, who may be ranked a little lower than ordinary.

While it has been a very considerable part of my business to visit the sick whenever I could find them, and to distribute books and tracts, as well as to preach the Gospel faithfully, "According to the ability which God

giveth," I have at the same time endeavored to shape my whole work so as to bear upon one point, namely, the conversion of sinners. I think that I have not lost sight of this end for a moment. I have sometimes grown weary and faint with waiting and praying for this most desirable object. At length however, the Lord began to crown my unworthy labors with the grace I had so earnestly sought. On the 15th of August a man came to my room apparently much affected on account of his sinful state. He was on his way to his family who lived in Massachusetts. After he had purchased some books of me, he said that he had been miserable ever since I came to this mission. He had not heard a sermon, for he was too far away, but he had procured some books, and among others, there was "Baxter's call to the unconverted." This he had read, as well as the New Testament and the Psalms. He said that he had discovered there was nothing in this world worth living for, only religion. He promised that so soon as he arrived at home he would immediately commence family worship. He said further, that henceforth it should be the business of his life to live a christian. He appeared so earnest, serious, and penitent, that I have no doubt of his sincerity.

I would also notice that on the 28th of July Mr. J. W. Dean died at the Marine hospital. For more than a week past he has been anxious about his soul's salvation. I have frequently conversed with him on the subject. He was desirous that I should pray with him. While I was at prayer he appeared much engaged. At the conclusion of the prayer, he said; "Lord, answer that prayer." He spent much of his time in prayer. I inquired of him if he had reason to believe that his sins were pardoned? He said, "It must be so, or I would not feel so much peace." At another time he said, "I believe I shall go to heaven." The night before he died, he broke forth into singing, and sung a spiritual song with a strong voice, quite to the surprise of all who heard him. Thus, I trust he found the Pearl of great price, and has fallen asleep in Jesus, to awake to a crown of life that fadeth not away.

July 30th. On this evening I took a basket of books, and went on board of the Steam Ship——. I went forward and gathered the seamen around me and began the work of distribution. I have not met with a company of men since I left Valparaiso who appeared so glad to obtain books and tracts. I had quite a number of Testaments, and was pleased to see many of them choose them before other books.

August 14th. Visited the Steam Ship North Star and found a very respectable lady by name of Pease, from Michign, on her way to California to join her husband. Three lovely daughters were with her. She was in the last stage of cholera. I procured some nourishment for her, but she partook of very little. Every thing was done that could be done, but we found that she must die. I convers-

ed with her, and she said that God was with her, and she wished to die. She had been for more than twenty years a consistent member of a Presbyterian Church, as I was told by one of her friends. I read a portion of Scripture, and commended her to God in solemn prayer. Shortly after she gently passed away to the "rest that remaineth to the people of God." Her deeply afflicted children went on to their Father in California. At the suggestion of one of her friends, I procured a metallic coffin, in which her remains were decently interred to await the orders of her bereaved husband.

August 20th. This evening I visited the R. R. hospital, and found two men who appear duly penitent for their sins.

I had supplied the hospital with a number of books, and they had employed their time in reading some of them. One said it was a bad thing to put off repentance until a dying hour. The other assented to it, and made some remarks to the same effect. They had been reading the New Testament also. I read and explained a chapter from the Testament, and prayed with them. They promised to forsake their sins, and devote their lives entirely to the services of God. Long experience has taught me that there is no way so effectual to awaken sinners, and encourage them to seek the Lord, as by personal application. I find this the most effectual, and yet the most difficult part of my duty.

Mrs. L. who recently left here, was quite serious on the subject of religion. She said she would have attached herself to a christian Church years ago, if she had only met with a *little encouragement*. Just before she left for the Steamer, she said to me twice very impressively, "Pray

for me." As she is dying with the consumption, I could not but feel the force of her words, and pity her christian friends, who did not afford her at the proper time, "a little encouragement." "A word in season," may often save a soul. I find this the most ungenial soil I ever attempted to cultivate. But I cannot say that it is more difficult than I expected. Of course I have severe trials, such as none but a foreign missionary can know; but when I remember what our Lord and Master suffered, to save rebel sinners, I am ashamed to complain. Believing that you, and the friends of seamen, will pray for the prosperity of this mission, I remain your fellow laborer in the Gospel,

D. H. WHEELER,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Mobile Bay Chaplaincy.

MOBILE BAY, BETHEL SHIP, }
MAY 10th, 1854. }

To William Stewart, Esq.
President of Mobile Bethel Society.

Dear Sir: At the date of my last Monthly Report, there were six patients remaining in the Bethel Hospital—since then, during the month ending May 9th inclusive, *fourteen* individuals laboring under various ailments, have been received; and *twelve* have been discharged. Medical services have been rendered also to *eleven* (11) individuals, who did not enter the Hospital.

The attendance at the Chapel on the Sabbath, for Divine worship—though not so numerous, as could be wished, nor as would be certainly had, if men properly appreciated their spiritual necessities—still, in view of the comparative smallness of the fleet during the month, and of other circumstances, adapted to influence those who are indifferent in regard to this duty, the number present has been as large perhaps, as could be expected. Without entering into any

detail, I would only mention that on one Sabbath, that was a pleasant day, there were six or seven boats, which came to the Bethel: half as many as there were vessels at that time at anchorage in the bay. Often the wind is so high as to make it inconvenient to be alongside the ship without injury. I would not neglect to mention also, in this connection, an event—interesting in some respect—which took place last Sabbath morning, on opening the chapel for worship.

According to previous arrangement, Jacob Emanuel Melsom, Esqr., Master of the Norwegian Barque "Karen Elizabeth" and Alette Severine, his wife, both members of the Reformed Lutheran Church, presented for baptism their infant daughter born at sea, on their passage here, near the Island of Cuba.

These parents being professedly believers in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and expressing a confidence in the doctrine of the "Abrahamic Covenant," and having a desire to bring their first born into the pale of that covenant, no reason appeared why the ordinance should be withheld—George Carrick, Esqr., master of the British ship Kelvin, and A. B. Telleson, Esqr., master of the Norwegian brig Albatros, stood sponsors; and the child was baptized by the name of Antonie Mariana. The occasion was one seemingly of solemn interest to the entire congregation assembled.

The religious feature of our mission is that for which we feel the deeper concern; and to the fuller development of which we are led to direct our earnest efforts in particular.—To the promotion of this end, as we have intimated in a previous report, the providence of God subserves an important part in bringing men into the Hospital department, where being kept a number of days, more or less, they have the advantage of daily instruction in the word of God, and of having access to a library of religious books, the foundation of which has been laid for the use of the ship in a recent donation through Mr. McGlashan, from Mrs. Follansbee, of Newburyport, Mass. As an evidence

of the extent to which these books are read (together with other books,) the writer is able to state that, within the last three months, the entire work of Dr. Aubigne on the Reformation has been, and is being read, by at least six or seven of the fifty-six individuals who have been admitted to the Hospital during that time—a proportion to the whole probably greater than can be alleged of the same number of poorly educated laboring men in any other place, or under any circumstances. In addition to this, we have authority for stating that, as regards the religious advantages thus in divers ways extended to these persons, they are greater and more continuous than ever before enjoyed by most of them.

We cannot, therefore, refrain from reiterating, in view of this and the coordinate measures used for the illustration and enforcement of the preached gospel to these men, our firmest confidence that God will educe through these means ultimately a large revenue to his glory.

From our medical department during the month, we have nothing new to communicate. The cases of sickness which have come to our knowledge have been generally mild, with now and then a small surgical operation—one of which I was enabled to perform on board, through the politeness of Dr. Lopez, of Mobile, in lending me a cutting forceps, which was not among my instruments.

One or two facts, however, in this connection, you will allow me to refer to. On the 30th of March last, a young man, aged 23 years, from the British ship S—, was received on board in a very deplorable state of general dropsy. His entire surface from his head to his feet, was tumid and painful from water collected in the cellular membrane. He also showed symptoms of congestion of the lungs. In addition to this, after he entered the hospital, he was seized with epileptic fits, which lasted several hours frequent and violent. I considered his case doubtful, as regarded its termination, at first. He has been under treatment daily ever since, and a portion of the time very sick—still, I am happy to be able to report that

at present, he seems to be recovering and I encourage him to hope that under a gracious Providence, he will be restored to health.

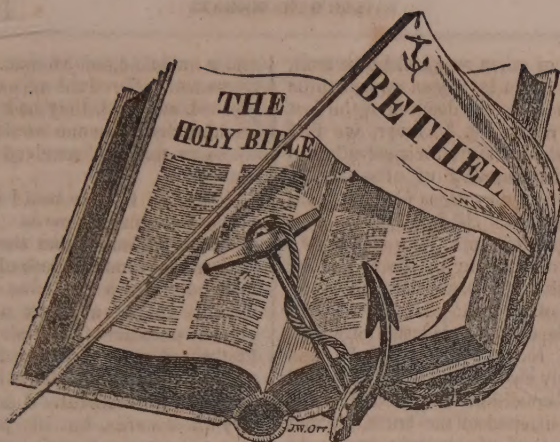
A few days since I received a message from Capt. Ottinger, of the revenue cutter McClelland, to meet him and his Lieutenant on board the American ship C. S—, lying at anchor in the bay. I found, on going to the ship, that several of the crew had shown symptoms of insubordination, assigning as the reason in part for their conduct, that they were sick and unable to work. To determine whether they were true, was the reason why I was sent for. An opinion being given on this point, and a general enquiry into the merits of the case being made, the matter was soon brought to a favorable issue, through the urbane and skillful management of Capt. Ottinger; and the sailors were discharged and sent to the city in the Government vessel.

The Revenue of the Hospital for the last month has been \$180—which, added to that of the two previous months, (\$303) makes, in the aggregate, \$483 for three months. When to this are added the contributions of British masters, through H. B. M. Consulate—the exact amount of which I am unable to state—it is thought it will nearly meet the *current* expenses of the Bethel Ship thus far, exclusive of the salary of the Chaplain which is defrayed by the American Seamen's Friend Society. With sentiments of esteem, I am yours, respectfully,

JOHN GRIDLEY,
Chaplain and Physician.

Notice.

We would inform the friends and contributors for Destitute and Shipwrecked seamen, that the garments most available, are check and flannel shirts, cotton and woolen drawers and socks. Articles needed for the Sailor's Home are sheets and pillow-cases for single beds, comforters, quilts and blankets for the same.



Extracts.

From the Annual Report of the American Bethel Society.

BUFFALO CHAPLAINCY.—The Chaplain, Rev. P. Griffin says:—

“In looking over the labors of the past year, I find that, while many things of a discouraging nature have arisen, there still remains the consolation, that, at least, some progress has been made—and some good effected, by the labors performed.

Bibles—religious books—and tracts have been widely circulated—gratefully received—and in many instances carefully perused.

Stated preaching has been maintained at the Bethel Church, and more numerously attended than during previous years. A series of evening meetings were continued for five weeks during the winter, which resulted in the awakening of many—and in leading some, we trust, to sincere repentance, and newness of life. Others still are deeply sensible of their lost condition, and as we pass among them, upon their boats, and in their dwellings, they acknowledge their need of Christ, and determination to make him their friend and portion.

A change has taken place within the last few years in the class of persons employed along our inland waters, who perform the labors upon them. Formerly a large proportion

were Americans. Now foreigners occupy their places, who have been educated in the school of Rome, and are generally opposed to our religious institutions. Yet under this changed state of things persevering efforts seem none the less needful. God in his providence has placed them among us, and for what reason, except it be, that we may labor to promote their interests for time, and for eternity? They are a class of persons much addicted to Intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and Profanity, and swayed by Priestly rule; yet they assent to truth presented in kindness, and in some degree appreciate the labors performed among them. Many receive tracts and bibles, and read them, notwithstanding they are denied absolution for this offence!

Sabbath desecration is none the less frequent among us, and proves a serious hinderance to successful efforts. Both Sailors and Boatmen desire that a Sabbath of rest may be secured unto them, and now excuse themselves for its violation by charging the blame upon their employers.

During the past year there has been an increase of interest, favorable to the Bethel cause, manifest among our Churches and citizens, as will appear both from their liberal contributions and willing co-operations.

In this, as in every similar field, it is impossible to know the result of our labors. The seed is scattered, and whether it ‘falls upon stony

places' or takes root and bears fruit, must in most instances remain to be revealed at the disclosures of the last day. Frequently, however, we find those, who attribute their salvation to the instrumentality of the Bethel Society, and they bless God for such an institution. Said a Sailor in a communication not long since,—'I wish to express my thanks to you for your active labors, and interest in the welfare of Sailors.' He then spoke of the depth of degradation to which sin had reduced him, until he was seemingly abandoned of God and man. In this condition he entered our Chapel, listened to the truth, became convinced of sin, sought mercy in Christ, and is now rejoicing in hope. I feel greatly encouraged in my work, and yet am pained to see so few saved, while the multitude pass on to reap the reward of unrighteousness."

ROCHESTER AND VICINITY.

One of the Missionaries says:—

During the past season my time has been occupied as in former years, in visiting the boats and stables in Rochester and vicinity. I have visited one thousand boats, made more than one hundred calls at the horse stations, distributed forty-five thousand (45,000) pages of the Tract Society's publications, given away two or three hundred Testaments, and conversed personally with some fifteen hundred (1500) individuals.

The Missionary here, has been welcomed by the Boatmen as in former years, and tracts have been received with gratitude. Our Captain produced about 30 tracts which had been carefully read and he now wished to exchange them for others. Another Captain said, 'I am glad to see you, my wife was complaining yesterday that the Tract pedler had not been on our boat this season.'—Another with whom I met on the tow path, said, 'you are just the man I want to see, I want one of those tracts.' I gave him two. After we parted, he called to me, saying, if it would not be asking too much, he would like a Testament for his little daughter. On another occasion as I entered the cabin of a boat, I found an elderly lady,

and a middle-aged woman. When tracts were offered they appeared much pleased, and said, they had just been wishing that some one would call with tracts as they had received none this season.

Results. On one boat I found two young men playing cards. Their appearance indicated that they had not deviated far from the path of duty and rectitude, which made me the more anxious to put a check upon their present practice of card-playing. At first, they were not inclined to listen, thought there was no harm in playing cards for amusement. I proposed to buy their cards, but the proposition was not accepted, until I offered the acknowledged owner of them a Bible in exchange, which offer was accepted. Having no Bible with me, I had to go to the Book Store and purchase one, and when I returned, they were waiting to complete the bargain. After the exchange had taken place, the young man of whom I bought the cards gave me his pledge, that he would never buy another pack and never play at cards again. The other young man who had been an attentive listener to all that had been said, expressed a wish to make the same pledge and secure a Bible; I took his pledge and went the second time to the Book Store and purchased a Bible for him.

On another boat I found the Captain and two of his men playing cards. As I spoke to them of the practice of card-playing and the consequences in this world and in the world to come, the Captain said, we know but little of 'the world to come' and very soon confessed his Infidelity and Atheism. I had with me a copy of 'Nelson's Cause and Cure' which I had carried all day without finding any one with whom I thought best to leave it. The day was drawing to a close; this was the last boat I expected to visit, and it appeared evident that I had not carried the book all day in vain. I gave him some account of the author of this work, and requested him to accept the book and read it carefully, which he promised to do.

In the month of June, I called one morning at a stable in the City where

I found a lad 16 or 17 years of age, sitting in the door. As he attempted to answer a questions proposed to him, I perceived he was intoxicated. He used very obscene and profane language. I conversed a few moments with him, gave him a tract and left him, expressing my regret, that a young man who might be useful and do so much good, was thus wasting his time and destroying himself. The next morning I met him again on the deck of a boat. He was perfectly sober and when reminded of his condition and conduct yesterday, he appeared mortified and said, he had been ashamed of it ever since. When I offered him another tract, he asked for a Testament, which I at first declined giving, expressing my fears that he would not make a good use of it. I finally proposed giving him one if he would sign a pledge that I should write in it, which was written and cheerfully signed by him pledging himself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and from the use of all obscene and profane language.

Many more incidents of this kind could be given, but it is not necessary. Allow me to say, that the importance of this work increases in my estimation every year. Who can doubt that the one hundred thousand pages of Tracts, and the one thousand Testaments that have gone from Rochester the past season will not accomplish great good?

The work in Panama.

PANAMA, N. G., Aug. 10th 1854.

Having been in this port now about six weeks, I am able to give some information about the work of the Seamen's Chaplain here.

Although there are comparatively few sailors who speak the English language in this port at any time, yet, there are always some, and more or less are generally in the Hospital, these all need the ministrations of a Chaplain, and, especially those unfortunate ones, who die here away from home and relatives. These, I am

happy to know, they have had through the faithful efforts of Rev. Mr. Rowell. He is now absent on a visit to his friends, in the United States, and I am acting in his place. But, I am confident all here will welcome him among them again.

The Chaplain here is the Missionary of the place, and the seed sown is gradually taking root. I am persuaded that a good work is silently going on among the inhabitants of this city through the influence of the Chaplaincy established here.

The tracts in the Spanish language which have been distributed and read, have awakened, evidently, a desire to know more about the *true religion*. And, nothing pleases me more than the eagerness with which they—*many of them*—receive these leaves of life, when I go out with them on Sabbath mornings. And this desire is increasing and extending to something more than Tracts. They wish to have the Bible.

And as proof of this. I in one week, sold six or seven Bibles in the Spanish language.

The Government of New Granada is very liberal. I hope, I shall find freedom for the circulation of the Bible in the field of labor, to which I am more directly appointed, and for which I shall assume my journey, when I have served Bro. Rowell a few weeks more.

F. W. BILL.

Seamen's Chaplain.

Account of Monkeys.

From August 15, to Sept. 15, 1854.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev'd. Elias Harrison, by First Pres. Church, Alexandria, Virginia.

50 00

*Members for life by the payment of
Twenty Dollars.*

Mrs. E. B. Foster, by Congl. Society, Ludlow, Vt.	21 50	From North Congl. Socy. Hartford, Ct.	92 40
Rev. Wm. S. Mc. Laren, by Associate Refd. Prsbyt. Church, Caledonia, N. Y.	21 50	" Pres. Church, Springfield, N. J., (in part.)	41 86
Charles H. Buel, Watertown, Ct., by Miss H. M. Buel, of Litchfield, Ct. (amount acknowledged below.)		" Sunday School, Milburn, N. J.,	14 00
Rev. David M. Miller, by Pres. Church, Bridgehampton, L. I.	31 09	" First Ecclesiastical Socy, Lisbon, Ct.,	8 00
Rev. Benjamin F. Millard, by Pres. Ch., Naples, N. Y. (in part.)	15 77	" Congl Socy., Claremont, N. H.,	11 83
Rev. Abraham Benedict, by Pres. Ch., Bath, N. Y., including \$1 from Mr. Bile, \$6 from J. Van Husen,	20 00	" Congl. Socy., Oxford, West, N. H.	10 71
Rev. George D. Stewart, by John Magee, Bath, N. Y.,	20 00	" Congl. Socy., Oxfordville, N. H.,	3 47
Rev. H. B. Smith, by friends in Abbingtion, Ct.	20 00	" A Friend in Pounal, Me.	4 00
Jonathan Parkhurst, Springfield, N. - J. (amount acknowledged below.)		" Rev. John Sessions, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Rev. G. W. Samson, by the E. Street Bap. Ch., Washington, D. C., through Rev. J. L. Elliot,	20 00	" Congl. Church, Cheshire, Ct.,	22 00
Rev. J. E. Newlin, by Second Pres. Ch., Alexandria, Va., (in part.)	11 00	" Congl. Society, South Farms, Ct.,	12 50
Capt. George Bacon, by Congl. Ch. and Soc., Freeport, Me.	25 11		\$581 86
Miss Sarah J. Nason, do. do.	25 11		
Capt. Joshua Waite, Freeport, Me.,	20 00		
Dr. W. Blanchard, Yarmouth, Me., by Friends,	25 78		
Mark Todd, New Boston, N. H., by friends,	20 62		
A. B. Tewksbury, do, do.,	20 63		

Donations.

From Congl. Ch. and Society. Central Village, Ct.,	10 00	<i>Sailor's Home, New York.</i>	
" Baptist Ch, Ludlow, Vt.	5 28	Ladies Seam. Fr'd Soc'y, Lyme, N. H., 2 quilts, 1 comfortable, 1 spread, 12 shirts, 5 sheets, 10 towels, 3 pairs socks, 14 pair pillow cases.	
" Union meeting, Proctor Ville, Vt.,	8 80	<i>Receipts into the Treasury of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society.</i>	
" Wesley Chapel, Indianapolis, Ind.,	17 80	Amherst College Faculty and Students,	24 00
" First Congl. Socy. Litchfield, Ct.,	80 67	Amherst, East Parish, by Martha S. Hubbard, \$7 40, Henry S. Johnson, \$6 62, Stella Bardwell, \$4 94, Dwight Hill. \$3 82, E. Palvire, 95, cents. George Thayer 25 cents, to make Rev. C. L. Woodworth, L. M.,	24 00
" Congl. Socy., Salisbury, Ct., (in part.)	28 18	Saxonville, Cong.'l Ch.,	10 25
		North Andover, A Friend,	2 50
		Plymouth Cong. Soc., collection \$11, J. Rolins \$5,	16 00
		Upton, Betsy Childs and others,	32 00
		Central Ch. and Soc., Worcester,	58 00
		Sutton, Cong.'l Society, Rev. George Lyman, L. M.,	23 00
		Petersham,	6 40
		Hugham, Cong. Evan. Soc.,	4 83
		Dea. Thomas Witherby, made L. M. by contributions of Juveniles at Milbury, Mass., (Amt. ack. in Aug. Mag.)	